ORIGINAL.

ON COMMERCE.

(Concluded from page 25.)

AS every profeſſion is compoſed of individuals, to develope the general character of the one under conſideration, it is eſſentially neceſſary to attend to the characters of its individual members. Let us then conſider the plan of education deemed ſufficient for the merchant. Scarcely has he attained the age of reaſon, and been taught to read with eaſe his primer and his ſpelling book, with the neceſſary appendage of a fair hand writing, when he is initiated into the myſteries of a counting houſe, and his rapid advancements from ſimple diviſion to the rule of three, and from the rule of three to decimal fractions, is conſidered by his tutor, as a favorable prognoſtic of his future ſucceſs as a man of buſineſs; in the mean time, not a ſyllable is uttered concerning the improvement of his intellectual faculties—a ſcheme of that nature might indeed be prejudicial to his employer's intereſt, as a taſte for reading might divert too much of his pupil's attention from the buſineſs of the counting houſe. At a certain age, however, he is ſent to the dancing academy, where dreſſed and powdered in the neweſt faſhion, he is taught the moſt admired ſteps, *a la mode de Paris*—to jump with becoming attitude in a *rigadon*, to the tune of *Ca Ira*—and to foot it through a favorite figure with agility and eaſe; but what is conſidered as indiſpenſible, he is taught to bow

with a genteel air and the moſt profound ſubmiſſion;—and when he has acquired all the motions of the dancing maſter, he is thought to poſſeſs the double advantage of attracting the attention of the female part of his cuſtomers, both by the quality of his wares, the decorations of his perſon, and the graceful movements of his body. About the age of twenty he becomes a partner in trade, and is accounted a man of buſineſs in proportion as he has attended to his Ledger and his Day Book: there is ſtill ſomething wanting—however, to prevent his leiſure time from lying heavy on his hands, and what can add ſwifter wings to time than the ſublime inventions of cards and billiards—to the firſt of theſe divinities, the greater part of Sunday is devoted, and at the alters of the latter he never fails to pay his evening homage;— avarice or prudence may indeed warn him from engaging too deeply in the game—yet gold may be recovered by the ſame means it was obtained—but time when gone may be counted with the years beyond the flood. Thus an accompliſhed merchant is little better than a complete coxcomb. That my readers may underſtand me, I beg leave to relate to them the origin of the name. During the fifteenth century, it was cuſtomary for the fools of Engliſh Noblemen, to wear a red ſtripe on their cap, nearly reſembling the comb of a Cock; from this circumſtance theſe gentry were not unfrequently denominated from the badge of diſtinction they wore; and in the next age, an ignorant proud conceited fellow, received the appellation of a coxcomb. Such, for the moſt part, is the plan of education adopted for thoſe who are deſtined for the mercantile profeſſion. A man muſt be almoſt endowed with an innate ſenſe of virtue, not to become the victim of folly, when brought up under its influence. Will any then be ſurpriſed if they import together with the productions, the vices and abſurd cuſtoms of every climate to their native ſhore? The prey of paſſion and the ſport of prejudice, they can neither become reſpectable members of ſociety, nor find reſources in themſelves againſt the day of trouble. Avarice is their only guard

againſt profuſion, for without ſome tincture of this paſſion, a young merchant might often be betraved into indiſcretion; and the bailiff haunts the dwellings of the ſpendthrift, as the nightly ghoſt the gloomy manſion, where crimes unwhipt of juſtice have been perpetrated. If the dread of bankruptcy prevents profuſion, the other extreme of character is ſtill more gloomy; its ſhades are deeper and not a gleam of ſunſhine cheers the proſpect; they become niggardly, penurious and unfeeling —ſlaves who know not mercy.

> Some unrelenting money-loving villains,
> Who laugh at Human Nature and forgiveneſs,
> And are like fiends, the factors for deſtruction.
>
> ROWE.

Or proud, ignorant formal and aſſuming, big with ideas of their own importance, they expect, miſtaken mortals! that mankind ſhould bow down before them, becauſe heaps of ſhining pelf are horded in their coffers, and becauſe the ſilly multitude are too much diſpoſed to pay that homage to wealth, which is only due to virtue and to talents. When you expoſe a youth to temptation, the only way to guard him againſt error, would be, to pay ſtrict attention to the cultivation of his intellect, and to the formation of his morals in the ſchool of virtue. A few years between the age of twelve and twenty, ſpent by the young merchant, in ſome public ſeminary of eſtabliſhed reputation, would attract his mind from frivolous purſuits, and far from making him a bad ſhop keeper, would enable him to caſt accounts with more exactneſs. He might there acquire an early taſt for reading, and be inſtructed in ſome of the more neceſſary ſciences, and thus fortified, he would turn from diſſipation with diſguſt, and with theſe reſources would never ſeek for entertainment at a gaming table. He will then learn to appreciate his importance in the ſcale of beings —he will learn that the power of property to confer

happineſs, depends entirely on his manner of uſing it, and when he underſtands

——————So many great
Illuſtrious ſpirits have converſed with woe,
Have in her ſchool been taught, as are enough
To conſecrate diſtreſs, and make ambition
Even wiſh the frown, beyond the ſmile of fortune.
THOMPSON.

He will learn to reſpect the misfortunes of others, and to bear his own with fortitude; convinced that it is his intereſt to be virtuous, he will go through the world without any danger of being tainted with its vices——

And it will much more redound
To his praiſe, to be found
In a world ſo abounding with evil,
Unſpotted and pure,
Though not quite demure,
And to wage open war with the Devil.

Ignorance has ever been the bane of morals, and unleſs ſome method be found to ſpread the advantages of knowledge among mankind, we can never hope to check the progreſs of their vices. There is an eſſential difference between the ignorance of men in civilized life, and what we call ignorance in the ſavage. The European though he may have been taught a particular trade, yet his mind is ſo entirely occupied in purſuit of this, that he is utterly unacquainted with the ſublimity of virtue; has never learned to look through nature up to nature's God, to cheriſh one generous ſentiment, and ſeldom looks beyond the execution of a job of work, and the anticipated poſſeſſion of a ſhilling. The ſavage, though ignorant of the vices and the arts of Europe, yet, has many virtues peculiar to himſelf, and from an habitual contemplation of the works of nature, has learned to adore the mighty Architect of the univerſe; and ere that eventful day, ſo fatal to the race of mortals, when European foot firſt trod this fertile ſoil—ere the final deſtruction of the Mammoth had broke a link

in the chain of the animal creation, many a hoary chief, ſeated at the hamlet fire, has delivered precepts to the rude tribes of nature's children, that might raiſe a bluſh in the proud moraliſt of the eighteenth century, and would not diſgrace the pen of him who brought philoſophy from heaven.

Thus I have endeavoured briefly to expoſe the deſtructive effects reſulting to ſociety from the vicious education of a numerous body of its members, endeavoured to ſhew the advantages of a plan formed on a more liberal and extenſive ſcale, and while I exhibited the defects of the preſent mode, daringly ventured to propoſe a remedy. I was conſcious of my inability to execute a taſk ſo arduous, with the applauſe it merits—

> But no ſuperior genious ſnatch'd the quill
> And ſaved me, on the brink, from writing ill.

Some happier mortal, ſome favourite child of fame and fortune, perfectly acquainted with the ſprings of human paſſions, may be deſtined on ſome future occaſion, a ſecret in the womb of time, to eradicate the evil from ſociety, and be doomed to tread the courtly Roman's‡ ſhining paths, and ſharply ſmile prevailing folly dead.

OROMASIS.

A DIALOGUE.

Names of the Per[illegible] *Oromasis*, *Arimane*.

SCENE— Beginning of the World.

(Concluded from page 27.)

Oromasis. (continuing.) I am now going to form the firſt of animals; he who muſt ſurpaſs them all in intelligence and happineſs—his circular head ſhall contain a greater maſs of that refined matter which I ſhall

‡ Horace.

make the origin of thought. I ſhall place the occipital orifice nearer the face; and alone among the other beings, that auguſt animal ſhall look towards heaven. Alone, he ſhall in ſome degree conceive my exiſtence, and although his knowledge of me ſhall be imperfect and weak, it ſhall however be juſt. I ſhall open his heart to piety; he ſhall be more my ſon than all the other beings that I have created; for alone amongſt them he will acknowledge and adore in me a father and a benefactor;—his erect ſtature ſhall give him a ſeeming ſuperiority over moſt animals ſtronger than himſelf. His legs ſhall be ſufficient for his walking and running; his induſtrious hands ſhall remain free for the arts and arms; but above all, the ſuperiority and perfectability of his mind ſhall ſubmit to him the diverſe inhabitants of the terreſtrial globe. He ſhall become their king—the horſe and the dog ſhall be his faithful and amiable ſervants.—The ſtrong bull, the ſanguinary wolf, the powerful lion, ths furious tyger, the voracious crocodile, the enormous and almoſt reaſonable elephant, the wild rhinoceros, either ſhall obey, or fly from him. Here is *Man*, I exhale upon him with complaiſance my divine breath—I give him *Life*.

Arimane. And I—ſhall give him—Death!

Oro. Fool! thou doſt not ſee that thou completeſt my work—for, what ſhould he do with life without death? It would have been out of my power to have given him *Love*. Matter could not have ſufficed to the multiplication of a race of immortal men. Man could have been neither ſon, huſband or father. He would have ſunk beneath the plant—He would have found in his wretched exiſtence nothing but endleſs torment:—his life would not have been better than that death which he has received from thee, or perhaps from me through thy hands. Thou makeſt death frightful; that indeed is thy work—Nature and I had made it good and ſalutary. *(To Man.)*

Man, I will make thee as much like me, as a creature can be like a God.

I give thee ſtrength.

Ari. I ſhall ſubdue it by fatigue.
Oro. Courage.
Ari. I'll turn it into anger.
Oro. Reaſon.
Ari. I ſhall lead it aſtray by error and paſſions.
Oro. *(always to man.)* For thy happineſs, I ſhall employ all my care in forming my laſt work. In plants, I have made the flower, which produces the fruit, all that is moſt brilliant, moſt agreeable, and moſt exquiſitely wrought. Woman ſhall be the flower of mankind.

Come at my call, ye elements of beauty, grace, virtue, benevolence and ſoftneſs:—combine yourſelves to pleaſe and to enchant. I could create man after my own image.—I have for the creation of woman nothing but ideal beauty for my model. Let her be the moſt perfect of all viſible creatures, and if poſſible, the moſt happy.—Let her heart beat quicker than that of man. Let her live more in leſs time—though her courſe ſhall be longer, ſhe ſhall be good and benevolent to her laſt moment. Let her be uſeful to three generations. She ſhall make the happineſs of her lover, of her children, and ſtill of her grand children; and at all ages that tenderneſs which ſhe ſhall inſpire ſhall be mixed with reſpect. Delicate nerves ſhall convey through all her ſenſes, the moſt rapid affections. Her light foot ſhall be proper for the dance. Her white hands ſhall be devoted to careſſes and benefits. Let her elegant ſhape and her encircling limbs call and preſent voluptuouſneſs in all their motions. A ſoft ſattin ſhall cover them, and let the audacious who ſhall dare to touch them, be conſumed with uſeleſs deſires. Let her handſome eyes be the mirror of her ſoul—let them diſplay an indulgent and affectionate kindneſs; and even when caſt down, let them betray her ſecret ſentiments. Let her breath be as ſweet as that of the peach, of which the down ſhall cover her cheeks. Let inexpreſſive vermillion colour them, and that even at a tender thought, an ingenious modeſty bring upon her forehead. Let her ſnowy boſom repreſent the celeſtial globes.—Let a roſe-bud be their magnetic pole: It ſhall offer to deſire its firſt enjoy-

ment, to childhood its firſt food. Let her long hair, waving and curling ſerve as a veil and a dreſs to ſo much beauty.

Riſe goddeſs, whoſe charms move even thy creator—go and reign npon man. He ſhall think himſelf maſter, becauſe he is the ſtrongeſt, yet he has only received force to defend and ſerve thee the better.

I give thee one want, LOVE; one buſineſs, LOVE; a duty, LOVE; a reward, LOVE.

Ari. I have ſeen thy goddeſs, and avow what I had ſaid; is it poſſible that this unmerciful Oromaſis has rendered man happier than I can be, although a God! But already profiting by the imprudence with which thou praiſeth her, and of the enthuſiaſm which ſhe inſpires to her lover, I have blown in her heart, that which neceſſarily will breed coquettry. No woman ſhall be totally exempted of thoſe two defects—or if there was one—but ſhe would be no more woman. The moſt virtuous and faithful ſhall be pleaſed with the homages of thoſe deſires that ſhe will not crown. Even their refuſal ſhall be engaging—they ſhall give them the names of eſteem and friendſhip. They will ſay—have no more hopes; but the ſeducing charms of her voice, and that vanity, with which, thanks to me, thy ſo perfect man, ſhall be devoured, will anſwer—we muſt ſtill hope. Even the ſweetneſs of their temper will confirm that thought by a multitude of cares and attentions, which they will diſtribute as a juſt conſolation. Thus will they deceive, either willingly or unwilling, the lover they want to refuſe, and often ſhall trouble, and even annihilate the happineſs of the man of their choice. Thou haſt given them love! love, the name of which inſpires me with fury—I, condemned by my nature to the torment of not loving and producing, but to the rage of deſtroying and hating---I, have invented jealouſy—thou doſt not know it, happy Oromaſis! Thou haſt no equal but I found a ſuperior in my rival.—I ſhall drop upon man and woman its infernal poiſon; it ſhall be the fruit of that moral love, which thou haſt praiſed with ſo much warmth. The plant expecting the favour of love like thoſe of a

beneficent ſhower, know not this misfortune. But the animal, and chiefly man will know how to chooſe, and ſhall be jealous of preference. I ſhall poiſon this natural ſentiment—I ſhall fill his boſom with uneaſineſs—jealouſy ſhall be quick ſighted, and to the juſtneſs of its obſervations will add the everlaſting grief of conjectures. Jealouſy ſhall not be able to diſſemble, and its reproaches partly juſt, and partly groundleſs, ſhall revolt the woman who was innocent or thought herſelf ſo, and often will make her guilty. But ſhe ſhould not become guilty, had ſhe not been a coquette; and this had not exiſted without vanity—I ſhall have done all. And I ſpeak only of thoſe who ſhall have preſerved a virtuous mind; who ſhall be worthty of eſteem; who will repent their weakneſs, and weep with poignant anguiſh, the loſs of the true friend of their heart. In their ſorrow I ſhall rejoice and brave thee—I ſhall embitter with ſorrow their ſweeteſt remembrance—I ſhall make them the more unhappy, becauſe thou hadſt put thy glory in making them capable of the pureſt virtue, and an extreme degree of happineſs.

Oro. Thou haſt unravelled the riddle of the world. Of itſelf, the matter was inanimate, and it was thy wiſh that it ſhould remain ſo; and in that impious hope thou haſt dared to ſtruggle with me. Not able to hinder my animating it, thy laſt reſource has been to take advantage of its indeſtructible properties, to mix ſome evil with all the good I execute. But thou wert only able to put evil where I had already placed good. Thou couldſt only turn to ſuffering the faculty of feeling, becauſe I had already opened it to enjoyment and happineſs. Thou couldſt invent crime and pain, becauſe I had created virtue and pleaſure. Vile ſlave, thou diſcovereſt thy fetters, and in thy wickedneſs, art uſeful. If thou couldſt render evil predominating—if thou couldſt only balance it with good, all would ſtop—the generations would ceaſe; life would be deſtroyed, and we ſhould begin again to diſpute chaos to one ano-

ther. The exiſtence and duration of the univerſe, are, and ſhall be, proofs of thy inferiority. Venemous ſerpent, thou crawleſt after me, and ſoileſt with thy venom all my works, which it is not in thy power to imitate. I weigh in the ſcale of my indulgence, all the evil that I ſhall permit thee to mix with my gifts, to enhance their value. It ſhall bear an exact, but limited proportion with the good of which I have the idea and power.—Where I put no life, thou haſt no power. Wherein I put but little of life and morality, thou canſt introdnce but very little misfortune. Where I diſtribute with profuſion my preſents—where I place diſtinguiſhed organs, an exquiſite ſenſibility; the knowledge, paſſion, enthuſiaſm of virtue, there, in thoſe hearts, thou makeſt wounds and poureſt thy poiſon. They produce ſufferings, expreſſed by complaints. But take for our judges all thoſe that are come out of my hands.—None would loſe a part of his life, and to get rid of his pains, be deprived of his happineſs. If the plant in its confuſed ſenſation, could form a wiſh, it would not deſire to be a ſtone.—The animal, more perfect, ſhould refuſe the fate of the plant. Man would not be ranked among the brutes, and the man of genius would rather die than be caſt back amongſt the loweſt of his ſpecies. To ſuffer and to enjoy is life; and he who has received life, loves it, and will enjoy it. Leave me then, the care of finiſhing and making more perfect thoſe beings whom I have formed. Man and woman are new yet, in a ſort of infancy and perhaps in their golden age. Their ſpecies will attain higher. Let it be my care to conduct by the arts and ſciences to the political ſocieties, and to the greateſt poſſible increaſe of happy individuals.

Ari. Thou prepareſt a vaſt field for me; thy ſcience, thy political ſocieties, thy increaſe of mankind, ſhall bring crimes and evils not to be thought of without horror.

Oro. I believe it *Arimane*, for they will be productive of inappreciable benefits. I know thy perverſeneſs; but I know likewiſe the limits of thy power. The nature of things force me to tolerate ſufferings where-

ver ſhall be life; but thou ſhalt no more prevent the exiſtence of more happineſs; and that life itſelf ſhould be a benefit and a pleaſure.

SELECTIONS.

HISTORY OF Mr. ALLEN.

(*Concluded from page* 32.)

AFTER paſſing an hour at an adjacent coffee-houſe, and looking over the papers of the day, he haſtened back to his own room, and having locked up the manuſcript in a drawer, inſtantly went up to the wretched family.

"Here madam, (ſaid the good man as he entered the "apartment) is the purchaſe of your book (putting "twenty guineas in her hand) and I hope the ſum will "content you."

The unhappy woman, as may be eaſily imagined, was all joy and thankfulneſs on the occaſion.

"Deſpairing, ſir, (ſaid ſhe) of your ſucceſs, I was, "juſt before you arrived, conſidering how I could pro-"cure a ſufficient ſum to pay for the coffin of my dear "babe; when it occured to me that I had a little mi-"niature picture of my excellent mother, ſet round "with diamonds, which I have carefully preſerved as "the very laſt reſource in my extreme need. I cannot "trouble you again with my affairs, otherwiſe I would "beg your ſervant to diſpoſe of theſe diamonds which "are round this little picture."

"I inſiſt, madam, cried the good man, that I may "execute this commiſſion myſelf.——Where is the "picture?"

The unhappy woman then opening a ſmall caſket which was by her, and ſighing bitterly, took out a ſmall picture, and preſented it to Mr. Allen.

"Gracious heaven! (exclaimed he, ſtarting back) "what do I ſee?——the image of my deareſt wife?—— "My long loſt Louiſa! O my heart! it is—it is Lou-"iſa——Say dear Madam, how this picture came into

" your poſſeſſion.——You mentioned juſt now a mother
" —Oh! my throbing breaſt !——But my wife and my
" lovely little Fanny, both had a watery grave in their
" paſſage from Liſbon."

" From Liſbon, did you ſay? (interrupted the amia-
" ble young woman) Alas! that was the place of my
" birth! And at the age of three years, I was, with
" my dear mother ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Spain.
" She alas! was loſt forever; whilſt her wretched Fan-
" ny was doomed to——"

" Fanny! did you ſay? Oh, tell me——what——be
" quick——inform me, madam, what was your maiden
" name?"

" Allen, ſir."

" O my child! my child! cried the enraptured fa-
" ther——it is——it muſt be ſo"——claſping her in his arms, in an agony of joy and wonder.

His happy daughter, for ſo indeed ſhe was, hung on his neck in ſpeechleſs tranſports, while the ecſtatic father continued——" Say, my child—how haſt thou
" been preſerved? O ſecret, wonder-working hand of
" providence!——The dreadful tidings of my ſhip-
" wrecked Louiſa, and my little daughter, an infant, in
" Captain Oſmond's ſhip, on the coaſt of Spain, is an
" undoubted fact——is it not?"

" Yes, my deareſt father, (anſwered his long-loſt
" child) look at theſe letters of my lamented mother;
" and theſe from yourſelf to her, after your departure
" from Liſbon.——The ſervant who attended me from
" my infancy, and whoſe life was ſaved with mine, care-
" fully preſerved theſe letters and this caſket——Anne
" Williams was her name; ſhe was my nurſe maid,
" and you muſt well remember her."

" I do—I do—cried the amazed father. Good hea-
" vens, when did ſhe die?"

" About ſix years ſince—and it was from her I often
" heard (as it was our almoſt conſtant ſubject) the ſad
" cataſtrophe of my dear mother's death, and that Mr.
" Robert Allen, my father, had lived ſomewhere in the
" weſt of England."

" But ſay, my child," ſaid this fond parent, who, as Shakeſpeare, of old king Cymbeline, on the diſcovering Imogene to be his daughter,

" *Was wild in his beholding.*"

" Say, my Fanny, what melancholy accidents have " reduced thee to this diſtreſs?—Oh! to find thee—— " and to find thee thus, ſo firm in virtue, is too much " for my old heart to bear. Who did you marry? Oh, " tell me all."

" A ſhip, ſir, that was going from Spain to Jamaica, " carried us with Captain Oſmond (who was happily " preſerved) to that iſland. That worthy man left me " to the care of his ſiſter, who was ſettled there: and " with that good woman I lived to the age of ſeventeen, " when a nephew of her's ſoon after married me, and " with whom I lived long enough to be the mother of " theſe little things you now ſee around me. We " wrote to you, my dear ſir, and ſent the letter under " cover to a friend of my huſband's, in London, to for- " ward it to you, but receiving no anſwer, we conclud- " ed you were no more.——Mr. Aſhley (my huſband) " was no economiſt: he died ſuddenly, and left me " greatly involved. To ſatisfy all his creditors, I re- " duced myſelf to great ſtraits. A lady, who was co- " ming to England, kindly offered to bear my expences, " and promiſed to uſe her utmoſt endeavors to find you, " if living, or otherwiſe provide for me. Alas! that " dear friend died the week after our arrival in London " of the ſmall pox; which fatal diſtemper I likewiſe " caught, and all my little ones. This was a great and " unexpected expence to me, and it was ſtill increaſed, " as I was ſoon after delivered of this poor babe, now " dead. Theſe events following ſo faſt——for, alas! " my poor huſband had not been dead ſix months;— " I ſay, they were too much for my ſpirits to ſuſtain, " and I ſunk into a low fever, in which I languiſhed " ſeveral weeks. I was now reduced to want even the

" common neceſſaries of life—indeed, my caſe was tru-
" ly lamentable—alone! no money! in a ſtrange coun-
" try!"

" O, ceaſe, my deareſt child, I cannot bear this (ſaid
" the tender father, burſting into tears) it is too much!
" I will *ſuppoſe*, after much ſuffering, the ſecret hand
" of that heavenly power, whoſe chieſeſt care is diſtreſ-
" ſed innocence, led me hither to this amazing diſco-
" very. And have I found thee? (once more claſping
" her in his arms) not the united world ſhall ever part
" us more."

He then kiſſed and wept over the children, and immediately ordered large and elegant lodgings to be got ready for their reception, at Pall Mall; they were all conveyed there as ſoon as poſſible; and where we will leave them to that refined happineſs, which only minds like Mr. Allen's can experience.

☞ Reader, the moral of this little ſtory is ſo obvious, it requires no explanation.—Every man, it is true, in relieving a diſtreſſed object, may not meet with a loſt child; but *every* man may, in *ſome* degree, enjoy that exquiſite ſatisfaction which is the never failing reward of thoſe who practiſe the great duties of *humanity* and *benevolence* to their fellow creatures.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, is the younger ſon of Henry, who was himſelf a younger ſon of Sir Stephen Fox, celebrated leſs for his own birth, than the circumſtance of being a father at the age of eighteen, an event not incredible however, and rendered in the preſent inſtance unſuſpicious, by the decorus conduct, and acknowledged virtue of the partner of his bed. Henry entered early into public life, and ſuch was his addreſs

in parliament, during the reign of George II. that he ſoon attained not only ſome of the moſt arduous and honorable, but alſo the moſt lucrative ſituations in the gift of the crown, for in the year 1754, he was appointed ſecretary at war; then ſecretary of ſtate for the Southern department, and after being *ouſted* by the great Mr. Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, we find him filling the immenſely beneficial office of pay-maſter general of the forces, accumulating great wealth, and incurring the animadverſions of the firſt city of the empire. Such indeed was his conſequence, that at a time when patents of peerage were not very common, he was ennobled by his preſent majeſty, in 1763, by the title of Baron Holland of Foxley.

His ſon, Charles James, was born January 13th, 1749, and if by his father's ſide, he claſſed among the *novi homines*, by his mother's, his deſcent muſt be allowed to be ſplendid, for Lady Georgiana Carolina Lennox, was the daughter of the late Duke of Richmond; and as ſuch, in addition to that of the King of Sardinia, ſhe was allied to the two rival, but related families, which had ſo long conteſted for the throne of Great Britain—thoſe of Brunſwic and Stuart.

But it is not to ſuch vulgar claims as theſe, that the future hiſtorian will have recourſe; he will dwell with ardour on the early promiſe of genius, the precocious talents of the boy, the matured wiſdom of the philoſopher and the ſtateſman; and while the abilities and virtues that adorn the character of this hero, bring him forward on the canvas, theſe inefficient and involuntary pretenſions will be caſt into the ſhade, and ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed in the back ground.

The ſecond ſon proved Lord Holland's favourite child, and at length became the darling of his old age. Perceiving in him the ſeeds of all the qualities that conſtitute greatneſs, he was at infinite pains to give ſcope to his intellectual vigour, to expand the ſhoots, and diſcloſe the bloſſoms of ſo promiſing a plant.—From his earlieſt infancy he intended him for parliamentary buſineſs, and by converſing always with him as

if he had been a man, he actually made him one before the uſual time. He is even ſaid to have ſubmitted his diſpatches to his peruſal, while in office, and to have complied with his corrections.

This country, much about the ſame time, beheld in the perſons of two rival orators, two wonderful inſtances of ſtateſmen, retiring from the field of contention, and devoting the remainder of their lives to the education of their two younger ſons, with whom they were accuſtomed to talk about public affairs, and ſometimes to place on a table in order to hear them declaim.—Occupied the better part of their days in hoſtilities againſt each other, the enmity of the families ſeems to have become hereditary, for it is kept up by their children, who ſtill maintain a rivalſhip, even after they had abjured the principles of their reſpective ſires.

In compliance with the future deſtination of his ſon, Lord Holland preferred a public to a private education, and accordingly ſent Charles to Weſtminſter ſchool.—After diſtinguiſhing himſelf here, he removed to Eton, where Dr. Bernard, the late provoſt, found him not only uncommonly eager after amuſements, but eminently ſucceſsful in claſſical attainments. His private tutor, while a member of this celebrated inſtitution, was Dr. Newcombe, afterwards Biſhop of Waterford, who, while he was frequently vexed at the diſſipation of his pupil, had occaſion at the ſame time to be highly gratified with his progreſs. Here he formed his early friendſhips with the Earl of Fitzwilliam, Lord Carliſle, his own relation the Duke of Leinſter, and ſome of the firſt men of the age. It was here alſo, that† one of them anticipated his future reputation in the following lines;—

" How will my Fox, alone, by ſtrength of parts,
" Shake the loud ſenate, animate the hearts
" Of fearful ſtateſmen! while, around you, ſtand
" Both Peers and Commons, liſt'ning your command;

† Lord Carliſle.

" While TULLY's ſenſe its weight to you affords,
" His nervous ſweetneſs ſhall adorn your words.
" What praiſe to PITT to TOWNSHEND e'er was due,
" In future times, my Fox, ſhall wait on you."

His father being, in the uncourtly language of thoſe days, " a rank Tory," Charles was ſent to finiſh his education at Oxford, where he is reported, in imitation of Penelope, to have regained by his daily toils, the labours loſt by his nocturnal aberrations.

At length he began to pant after a more unreſtrained intercourſe with ſociety, and conſequently to be diſguſted with the reſtraints, and tired with the uniformity of a collegiate life. The moſt eaſy, as well as the moſt likely way to rid himſelf of this, was to evince an ardent deſire to ſee the world; and as his ſtudies were now completed, his father, as uſual, indulged the wiſhes of his darling ſon. Thoſe who have been accuſtomed to ſee Mr. Fox of late years, without being acquainted with the minute particulars of his early life, will ſcarcely believe, that at this period he was one of the greateſt *beaus* in England; that he indulged in all the faſhionable elegance of attire, and vied, in point of *red heels*, and *Paris-cut-velvet*, with the moſt ſhewy men of the times. Theſe and ſimilar qualifications were diſplayed in moſt of the courts of Europe, in the courſe of the grand tour; and if he did not return like his maternal anceſtor*, with all the vices of the continent, he at leaſt brought a wardrobe replete with all its faſhions. Nor will a ſtrict regard to hiſtorical truth permit the omiſſion of more culpable tranſgreſſions, for he is ſaid, amidſt the ardour and impetuoſity of youth, to have expended, or rather laviſhed vaſt ſums of money in‡ play, and to have contracted immenſe debts. Let

* Charles II.

‡ Dr. Biſſet in his life of Burke, aſſerts, that his father, Lord Holland, who accompanied him to Spa, firſt excited an itch for play in his youthful mind, by allowing him five guineas a night to be ſpent in games of hazard. But as this reſts on the mere aſſertion of that gentleman, it will be difficult to give credit to the report.

it be recollected, however, that he was at this very time between two and three years ſhort of that period, when the law declared him to be no longer a minor.

His enemies have carefully reminded us, that the firſt political act of his life was a violation of the conſtitution of his native country; for at the general election in 1768, he took his ſeat for Midhurſt, in Suſſex, a borough under the influence of his family, when he was only nineteen years of age; and conſequently ineligible. It is with pain too, it is here reluctantly recorded, that the firſt effort of his eloquence was hoſtile to liberty†; but, beſides his extreme youth, the bent of his education, the prejudices of his family, and the wiſhes of a fond father, ought all to be taken into conſideration;—and if a complete vindication does not enſue, an ingenuous mind will not be at a loſs for an apology.

During all the proceedings of the Houſe relative to the Middleſex election, Mr. Fox ſtood forward as the champion of the miniſtry, and exhibited no common addreſs and activity on the occaſion. From the firſt moment of his entering the ſenate, he, indeed, diſplayed all the qualities of the orator; and Lord North, then chancellor of the exchequer, deemed his merits ſo conſiderable, that in the beginning of 1772, he nominated him to a ſeat at the admiralty board, and in the latter part of the ſame year made him, in ſome meaſure, a partner with himſelf in the management of the empire, by appointing him a lord of the treaſury.

Amidſt this ſeeming devotion to the court, there were not wanting opportunities when he ſhook off the trammels of dependence, and allowed his manly mind to take its full ſcope. Not the leaſt memorable of theſe was during the debate on the bill brought into the

† His firſt ſpeech was in oppoſition to Mr. Wilkes, then confined in the King's Bench; and whatever the *motives* of that gentleman might be, diſpaſſionate men will now be ready to avow, that on this occaſion, his cauſe was not only popular but juſt.

Houſe of Commons by Sir William Meredith, to give relief from ſubſcription to the xxxix articles of the church of England; and in the liberal ſentiments delivered on that occaſion, he has firmly and uniformly perſevered, until the preſent moment.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN COOK.

COOK, the celebrated circumnavigator, when a boy, was apprenticed in the ſmall town of Steers, in Yorkſhire, to what is termed a general ſhop-keeper. It happened one day, that a young woman purchaſed an article at this ſhop, and in payment offered a new ſhilling. The maſter of the ſhop, having ſeen the girl pay this new ſhilling, and not finding it among the caſh in the till, accuſed young Cook of purloining his property.—Our young hero, indignant at this charge upon his probity, ſaid it was falſe; that the new ſhilling certainly was in his pocket, but that he had replaced it by another. Unable, however to brook his maſter's accuſation, he next day ran away, went to ſea, and from this ſimple circumſtance the world is indebted to his great diſcoveries as a navigator.

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

THE following anecdote of the effects of jealouſy, on the mind of an Egyptian, is recorded by Denon, in his travels in Egypt, and will ſerve to illuſtrate the manners of that people. "On the ſecond day's march "acroſs the deſart from Alexandria, ſome ſoldiers met, "near Beda, a young woman, whoſe face was ſmeared "with blood. In one hand ſhe held a young infant, "while her other was ſtretched at random, in ſearch of "any object that might ſtrike or guide it. Their curi-

" osity was excited. They approached, and heard the " sighs of a being who had been deprived of her sight! " Astonished, and desirous of an explanaton, they ques- " tioned her; and learned that the dreadful spectable " before their eyes had been produced by a fit of jea- " lousy. Its victim presumed not to murmer, but only " prayed in behalf of the innocent who partook her " misfortune, and which was on the point of perishing " with misery and hunger. The soldiers, struck with " compassion, and forgetting their own wants at the " sight of the more pressing necessities of others, imme- " diately gave her part of their rations. They were " supplying her with part of the water which they were " likely soon to be without themselves, when they be- " held the furious husband approach, who, feasting his " eyes at a distance with the fruits of his vengeance, " had kept his victim in sight. He sprang forward, " snatched from the woman's hand the bread and wa- " ter, that last necessary of life which pity had given " to misfortune. " Stop," cried he, " she has lost her " honor; she has wounded mine; this child is my shame, " it is the son of guilt." " The soldiers resisted his at- " tempt to deprive the woman of the food they had gi- " ven her. His jealousy was irritated at seeing the " object of his fury become that of the kindness of " others; he drew a dagger, and gave the woman a " mortal blow; then seized the child, threw it into the " air, and destroyed it by its fall; afterwards, with " stupid ferocity, he stood motionless, looking stedfastly " at those who surrounded him, and defying their ven- " geance."

AXIOMS.

SUSPICION indicates a great depravity of mind; and suspicious people are generally found to be dishonest themselves.

Neatness in dress is commendable; but when it becomes the chief object of our attention, it is reprehensible.